

The Carroll County Republican

CARROLL, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1857.

NUMBER 1

This image is a scan of a historical newspaper page from the New York Times, dated May 10, 1861. The page is filled with dense text, including several large, bold headings for advertisements. At the top right, a large black and white illustration of a 'STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!' is shown. The page features columns for news, classified ads for items like 'IRON & STEEL', 'JEWELRY', and 'HOMESTRAD INSURANCE', and a section for 'NOTICE' and 'WANTED' notices. The layout is characteristic of mid-19th-century print journalism.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Published Weekly, in Miller's Block,
Stock, opposite the Court House, by

J. & D. B. EMMERT.

TERMS.—1250 copies paid to agents; 2500 paid monthly, and 1000 paid quarterly. Cash on payment to delayed until the year expires.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For agents, (of 10 thousand) first insertion, \$5; each subsequent insertion, \$2.50; and PRINTING—of all kinds, such as Pamphlets, cal-
endar, Leaflets, Books, etc., etc., executed in the
best and most reasonable rates.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BANKING HOUSES.

EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE

MILLS & MOOKER, Mr. Cannon, Illinois—Buy and sell gold, drafts on New York and Chicago. Collections made and remitted on day of payment at current rates of exchange. Money received on deposits, and interest allowed on special deposits. Office 25, 26, 28—10th. H. A. Mills, 1. J. M. L. House.

HOSTETTER, REIST & CO.
EXCHANGE AND BANKING OFFICE,
WILMOT AND WILMOT STOCK AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
WILMOT AND WILMOT on the principal cities in the
United States. Also buy and sell Real Estate and
Business on Commission. Negotiate loans and make collections.
10% above 5 to 10 per cent interest on De-
posits. Persons wishing to borrow money or have notes
collected, will call on, on Mondays and Thursdays, the
money or property to give.

Wanted to buy and farm Mr. Carroll, and 600 acres
of land for sale.

27th and Wabash Streets.
W. A. WILMOT, 28 W. WILMOT, P. S. REIST.

BANK OF DEPOSITORY—MONEY
received on deposit, a 4 per cent interest allowed
thereon. Checks and certificates of deposit on all solvent
banks, bought at current rates; or received for collection,
by the Morris Carroll Mutual Manufacturing and Hydraulic
Company.

N. HALDERMAN,
Treasurer.

ATTORNEYS.

B. L. PATCH, ATTORNEY
AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in
Chancery. Office in the Court House, 16th and
McGraw, Ill.

V. V. V. ARMOUR, CLERK OF THE
Court House; General Land and Collecting Agent,
Mt. Carroll, Ill. Conveyancing done, and 1000s of legal
papers ready and promptly drawn. Will practice as
Attorney in the county Court. Office in Court House. 35-36

JOHN WILSON, ATTORNEY AND
Counselor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Real Estate
and Insurance Agent, and Exchange Broker, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

GEO. W. HARRIS, JUSTICE OF THE
Peace and Notary Public will attend to collections,
conveyances, etc. Office in the Post Office, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS

F. M. McAFFEE, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Bank Building
formerly occupied by A. Held, opposite the Presbyterian
Church, where he may always be found when not profes-
sionally engaged. Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

**D. R. P. MILLER, HAVING PER-
MANENTLY located himself in the village of Mt.**
Carroll, he has no time in the practice of Medicine, Sur-
gery and Midwifery, in the exercise of his trade, and
is engaged in the study of law, to the duties of his
profession he can only afford a share of public service.

**A. H. LEITCHY, DEALER IN DRUGS MED-
ICAL, PHARMACEUTICAL, HERBAL, DRUGS, GLASSWARE,
APOTHECARY, and everything else, usually kept
in a Drug Store. Store on Main Street,
opposite the Marion House.**

Mr. A. H. Leitchy. (6187).

ARTISTS.

**SKYLIGHT AMBROTYPE AND
DAUGERREOTYPE GALLERY.** The studio of Miller's
20th and 21st Streets, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. The works of
the camera, sold by calling on H. BITTERER at
the studio, or at any store, hotel, or place of busi-
ness, having goods, for from 30 cents up to as much as
they will go.

PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES.
Lester W. Miller, No. 2 Exchange Block, Mt. Carroll,
Ill. would greatly appreciate the efforts of Mt. Carroll
residents, that he may obtain a sufficient number
of subjects to make his Premium Daguerreotypes
more attractive. The subjects and time convenient to him
will be arranged. Please call at his studio, or at any
place of business, and he will be pleased to take those
of his subjects.

W. S. PEASE REMAINS AT THE OLD
House, and will be at all times at the disposal of the company
and its friends, until his departure. All persons
who have been engaged to said company will
have their compensation.

W. S. Pease, a man of unusually high character,
and a man of great ability, will be a credit to our
firm. W. S. Pease, 19th and 20th Streets, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

JOHN K. BREWSTER & CO. Wholesale
and retail dealers in Foreign and Domestic Tea,
Gums, Candy, Biscuits, Biscuits, Candy, Gums, etc.
19th and 20th Streets, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Galena St., near
the Depot, Mt. Carroll, Ill. This large and commodious
house is open for the reception of travelers, where
they will find the comfort and luxury of a home. Terms,
one dollar per day. G. H. LORRE, Proprietor.

JENKS'S HOUSE, SAVANNAH, ILL.—
C. W. Pease, Proprietor.—This house having
a large dining room and having been newly furnished
throughout, is now open for the reception of visitors.
Mr. Pease will always be a friend to us, and
will do his best to accommodate us.

THE EXCHANGE SALOON, corner of
Main and Marion Streets, under Chapman & Irene's
Store, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. D. M. & J. B. Pease, Propri-
etors.—This Saloon is now open for the accommodation
of customers. The rooms have been recently fitted up. Music
can be had at all hours. A. L. Pease, Proprietor.

W. P. HUNT & CO., FREEPORT, ILL.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants. Wagon
Broker, and Rail Road Agents. 19th and 20th Streets,
Mt. Carroll, July 20, 1857.

**DANIEL WEIDMAN, Manufacturer and
Distributor of all kinds of Cabinet Ware, such as Bed-
Mats, Shirts, Linens, Curtains, Lamps, Seats, Seats,
Armchairs, Sofas, Chairs, Seats, Seats, Seats, Seats,
etc., also various kinds of Office Furniture.**

**TAYLOR & RUBEL, Manufacturer of
Furniture—Manufacturers of Furniture of all kinds
of Furniture, and Builders, also Builders, Builders,
and Builders. Two years for Building.**

Poetry.

MOTHER FAIRIE.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Good old mother Fairie,
Hunting by your side,
Have you any little fairies?
You would like to have?"
I want no clumsy drudge
To milk, and churn, and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled bairies,
With grisly hands and thin.
But patient little people,
With hands of honey hue,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts—
Say, have you such to spare?"
I have 6,000, said Fairie,
Who comes with white wings,
And wears the white robes,
To keep her children bright;
To clasp over the shadows
That make the trees and sleep,
To sing the living infantiles,
And kiss her eyes asleep.—
And where in dreams she roves,
For pleasure dead and gone,
To hold her wasted fingers,
And make the ringlets gay;
They taste no sorrowing
To make the future shine,
Like love, and flowers, and strawberries
A grouping on one side.
Good old mother Fairie,
Sings me need you know,
Tell me, have you any fairies?
Who enough to give?"

This reply to "Alice" is no less dainty than her own
minuted lines.

"O Alice, Alice, Cary!
You truly mean to take,
And bring old mother Fairie,
To have my little fairies;
My 6,000 all are gone,
To overtake the friendly old,
But mind me, like flowers,
Can never be repaid.
Within my crystal robes,
I have a little fairie,
Who, for the love of Alice,
Would chase night and day—
Go, tell that poor pale body—
Who cannot sleep at night,
My weak and daughter Fairie,
Will see her room to right;
Then Fairie and Hope twin sisters
Will to her willing stand,
And sing her lullabyes,
Then to Alice bid
She'll follow in their train,
Especially at night,
Till I will come numberless
And fill all the universe.
In one or two hours' time
The stars dead and gone,
Will to the earth descend,
Go tell that poor pale body—
Tell now this world of sorrow,
And when all seems to be failing,
To come to the stars,
And though her partner may be
You, we have a pleasant home,
The 11th century world, her home—

And when her home is gone—

Miscellaneous.

On'y A Country Girl.

"You are mistaken; I would sooner die
than marry a mere country beauty."

But Fred—suppose her intelligent, moral,
full of nature's grace, tender-hearted,
neatly unspiced by admiration, a guile-
less, simple loving creature?

"Ah!" said Fred, laughing, "a choice clus-
ter of virtue and grace. Country beauties
are always sweet and simple and so are
country girls. No, I tell you if she was as
lovely as an angel with the best sense in
the world, still if unskilled in music and
literature, with no soul above charms and
knitting needles, I would not marry her for
a fortune."

Ha! ha! laughed Helen Irving, but it
was a very poniassimo laugh away down in
the corner of her heart. Hidden by the
rank of a large tree, she sat reading with-
in a few feet of the egotist.

In another moment the young man came
in sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he
whispered in visible trepidation:

"Do you think she heard me?"

"No!" rejoined the other half audibly—
she shows no movement, she has not even
looked up from her book, you are safe; she
could not have heard you, but what an an-
geling!"

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as out-
ward beauty might merit the euenomium—
She sat half-reclining on a rustic seat,
striving to smooth out the dimples in her
cheeks, as she laid her book aside and be-
gan to twine a finished wreath of wild
roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the second
white arm from a back ground, she
crewed around her, peeping from her
seat to do what quite at her ease, as
nearly unconscious, that two hands in
vainly perfunctio were so very near.

Practicing with a low light upon which
big mirror had set the seal of truthless-
deceit, Frederick Lane took the liberty
of asking of the young lady would inform
him where Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty look-
ed up.

"Mr. Irving, the only one in the village
is my father," said she, rising in a charming
and graceful manner. "The large house on
high ground, half hidden by trees and thick
shrubbery, that's where we live. I believe
it was an academy once, that's a sort
of a school, isn't it?" with the most
natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied with another graceful bow:

"Tell your father," said he, "that I shall
do myself the honor to call upon him to-
morrow. He will remember me—Freder-
ick Lane at your service."

"Yes, sir, I will tell him for you," replied
Helen, tucking her sleeves around her
pretty arm, and making rather formal
courtesy. Then catching up her book and
covering the scented flowers, she hurried
home.

"Now father, mother, aunt and sis," ex-
claimed the merry girl, bounding into the
room where the family were at supper, "so
sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you
talk so much about is in the village. He
will call here to-morrow, the first specimen
of a city beau, (as of course he will,) all
sentiment, refinement, faultless in looks, and
spotless in delicacy, important and self-as-
sured as one of that ilk can possibly be—
Promise me all of you that'll not lap one
word about music, reading and writing in
my presence because I have a plan. Fath-
er will not, I know; but if you sis, will
keep quiet, and ask no questions, I will
give you that work box you have coveted
so long!"

"Helen, you are not quite respectful," said
her father gravely.

"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms
were around his neck. "I always mean
well, but I am thoughtless. There, all is
right now," she added, kissing him lovingly
on the temple.

"Come sit, what say you?"

"On'y that condition, I'll be as still as
a mouse; but what's your reason?"

"Ah! that's my own," said Helen dancing
out of the room.

* * * * *

Helen sat at an open window, through
which rose bushes thrust their blushing
buds, making both a sweet shade and fra-
grance. The country overhead burst forth
every moment in wild matches of glorious
music. Helen was at work on a long blue
stocking, nearly finished, and her fingers
flew like snow birds.

You knit most admirably. Are you fond
of it?"

"Yes, quite. I like it better than, than
anything else—what's I mean, I mean I
can knit well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's glances
had traced from the corners of his eyes
over every table, shelf and corner, in search
of some book or paper. But not a page,
nor a leaf, yellow or rare repaid his search.

"O! yes," said Helen, with a self-satisfied
glee.

"What books, permit me to ask?"

"I read the Bible a good deal," she said
gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All? of course not, and yet what do we
not find in the Holy Bible? History, poetry,
eloquence, romance—the most thrilling
pathos—blushing and recollecting herself
she added, with a manner as childish as
had before been dignified, "as for the other
books, let me see, I've got in my library—
there's the primer (counting on her fingers)
second class Reader, Robinson Crusoe
Nursery tales, Fairy stories, two or three
Elements of something, Biography of one
person or other, Maturin Magazine, and
King William I. I. There, isn't that a
good assortment?"

Fred smiled.

"I always don't know as much as those
who have went to school more," she added,
as if disappointed at the mate's reminder,
but in making bread and churning butter,
and keeping a house, I am not to be out-
done.

The young man felt more in pity than in
love, but his visits did not always so result.
He began to feel a magnetic attraction,
which he mainly attributed to Helen's beauty;
but the truth is, her sweet artlessness
of character, engaging manner and dispo-
sition, quite won on the city-bred aristocrat.
Fred Lane. There was a freshness
about everything she said or did. She
sparkled as well as she glowed.

Often as he was wondering how some
homely expression would be received in
society, some beautiful sentiment
would suddenly drop like a pearl from her
lips, more remarkable for originality than
beauty.

It should fall into the sharp, sharp
eyes of the maid-servants here; well, it would
not be Helen; but only mine," was
his invariable answer to her exclamation of
unworthiness, how she would appear in
society &c.

They were married had returned from
their wedding tour and yet, at the expiration
of their honeymoon, Fred was more in
love than ever. At a grand entertainment
given by the relatives of the bridegroom,
Helen looked most beautiful. Her husband
did not insist that she should depart from
comeliness; and, indeed, with jewels or lace
that fresh white robe, simple dash of
blue, and ornaments of fair moss rose, she
was by far the most lovely creature in the
room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing
with light, her heart failed her.

"Shall I love him as dearly?" she asked
herself, if I find he is ashamed of me? I
cannot bear the thought; but should he
overcome all conventional notions, then I
have a husband to be honored, and then
shall he be proud of his wife?"

How she watched him as he presented
her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl,
resplendent with diamonds, as she curled
her lips and passed by. The observation
escaped neither Helen nor her husband—
She looked at him. He smiled a lover's
smile, and only drew her closer to his side.
Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor
Fred and wondered why he had married
himself on the shrine of ignorant coquetry.

But he! on joy he seemed only to love
her the more, as she clung to his arm so
timidly; his noble face expressed the pride
of truly fair; he looked as if he would have
swpt back the scorns with one motion of
his hand, had they ventured one word too
high on the shore of his pride. He seemed
to excuse every look, every word not in
strict conformity of etiquette; and He on's
heart beat high and tears came to his eyes
when she felt how noble a heart she had

won.

The young bride stood near her hus-
band, talking in a low tone, when a new
comer appeared. She was a beautiful,
slightly formed creature, with haughty
features. Ill-concealed scorn lurked in
her brilliant eyes, whenever she glanced
toward Helen. Once she held away over
the heart of Fred, and hearing whom he
had married, she banished her hour had
come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?"
whispered a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled, her fair brow
flushed indignantly. She turned to her
husband. He was gone, speaking at a
little distance with a friend.

"Do you play Mrs. Lane?" she asked.
There was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks
blushing.

"And sing!"

"A little," was the half reply.
"Then do us a favor," exclaimed Miss
Somers, looking askance at her companion.
"Come, I myself will lead you to the
instrument."

"Hark! whose masterly touch? Instant-
ly was the half spoken word arrested, the
cold ear and haughty head were turned
in listening surprise. Such melody!
Such correct intonations! Such breadth
and vigor of touch! Who is she? She
plays like an angel!"

And again hark! A voice rolls—a flow
of melody; clear, powerful, and passion-
ate; astonishment paints many a face;
cheek a deep scarlet. There is a silence
unbroken, and the silver strains float up.

"A spot ages I sat for cold neglect,
Though never unkindly, though
And when in a little secret
House where a singer sang,
If once to come,
If once to come,
The world was overjoyed by her,
When I may only have the right to claim."

"Glorious voice!" said Fred to his
friend, who, with the rest, had paused
to listen. "Who can she be?"

The words were suddenly arrested
at his lips. She turned from the piano, as
the unknown was his wife!

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the
young man at his side, but he spoke
mildly. The color had left his cheek
as he walked slowly toward her.

It was speechless with amazement
so was not she. A rich bloom mantled
her cheek, triumph made her eyes sparkle
as they never did before; they flashed
like diamonds. A crowd gathered
compliment her. In a graceful action
she blushed with modesty.

"How well she talks; who would have

bought it. He has found a treasure,' were whispered all around the room. Meanwhile, Frederick Lane stood like an enchanter, while his little rustic wife sat books with perfect abandon, adored this one condemned that. A poor-looking student lost himself in a long quotation; Helen skillfully finished it, and she received a look eloquent with thanks. Bon mots, repartee, language rich in fancy and imagery, told on her beautiful lips, as they had just received a touch from some fairy hand. Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream, pressed his hands over his wildered eyes to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending, a breathing vision of loveliness over the harp, her arm leaning on its golden strings, and again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall sweet and sorrowful-sadness.

'Tell me,' said he, 'when alone, what is this mean? I feel like one awakened from a dream.'

'Only a country girl,' said Helen, gravely falling into her husband's arms, and exclaimed: 'Forgive me, I am that rustic that you would rather die than kiss. Are you sorry that you married me?'

'Sorry, my glorious wife. But Helen you could not deceive me! Did I not understand you had never—'

'Been at an academy,' she broke in; over took a music lesson, never was taught to sing, all very true; and yet I am sure you see here to-night, myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I hope to be worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be.'

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be here just now and hear her story; the sighing between smiles, her pretty face dimpled, as she tells how she banished the piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door, leaving them to the dust and dust, while the young country girl without any deep laid scheme in convincing the well-bred young man that he could marry a young rustic, even if her fingers were stained with the churn and knitting? Yes, then the piano and harp.

Trick of A Lover.

One fine winter evening early in the present century, Colonel ——, and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying *tranquillum dignitatem*, without any interruption, for at least an hour; and that consulting the sex of Miss Patty, was very remarkable. The Colonel was sitting crooked in a great arm-chair, and his spectacles, on his pipe, in his hand, and a newspaper in the other, fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself backward and forward in a low rocking-chair. Close by her feet was the cat; while Carlo was stretched out full length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master, fast asleep. At length the Colonel aroused from his nap, took off his spectacles, rubbed his eyes—then glancing at a very large pile of papers that lay on the table near, said—

'I wish Henry was here to help me about my rents.'

'Well, I really wish he was,' answered his sister.

'I do not expect him for a month yet,' said the Colonel.

'Hadn't you better send for him,' said his sister.

Upon this the dog got up and walked toward the door.

'Where are you going Carlo?' said the old gentleman.

The dog looked into his master's face, wagged his tail but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door, as he could not open it himself. The Colonel seemed a little fidgety and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and cheerful barking of the dog announced the approach of some one, and roused him from his slumber. Presently the door opened, and a young man gaily entered the room.

'Why, William Henry, is that you?' said Patty.

'Henry, my boy, I'm heartily glad to see you,' said the Colonel, getting entirely out of his chair, giving him a hearty shake of the hand. 'Pray, what has brought you home so suddenly?'

'Oh, I do not know,' said Henry. 'It is rather dull in town, so I thought I would just step in and see how you all come on.'

'Well, I am glad to see you. Sit down,' said the Colonel.

'So do,' said his sister.

'There isn't a bottle of first rate snuff for you; and here uncle is one of capital tobacco.'

'Thank you, my boy,' said the Colonel. 'Positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits.'

'And mine too,' said his sister.

Henry, rather anxious to help his uncle himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial and drew the cork while aunt Patty got some glasses.

'Well, my boy,' said the Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, 'what is the news in B——? Anything happened?'

'No, son,' said Henry. 'I've got one of the best stories to tell you that you have never heard in your life.'

'Come, let's have it,' said he, filling his glass.

'Well, you must know,' said Henry, 'that while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. About two months ago, he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but does not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman as rich as Croesus—do take a little more cordial.'

'Why don't his uncle wish him to marry you?' inquired the Colonel.

'Oh, yes,' resumed Henry, 'there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid he'd be taken in, for it is generally understood that he's to be the old gentleman's heir. And as for his uncle, though very liberal in everything else, he suspects everybody who pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune-hunter.'

'The old scamp,' said the Colonel. 'Why can't he let the boy have his own way?'

'I should think as much,' said aunt Patty.

'Well, how did he manage it?' said the Colonel.

'Why,' said Henry, 'he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's name right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do but get her miniature taken—for the Colonel.'

was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished.'

'Beautiful, intelligent and accomplished!' exclaimed the Colonel; 'pray what objection could the fool have to her?'

'Why, she's not worth a cent,' said Henry.

'Fudge!' said the Colonel; 'I wish I had been in the old chap's place—how did he get along?'

'Why, as I said, he had a picture taken, and as it was about the time of collecting rents, he thought he would make the old man good-natured if he went home and offered to assist him; and so, answering all inquiries, he took the miniature out of his pocket, handed it to his uncle, and asked him how he liked it—telling him that a particular young friend lent it to him. The old man was in an ecstasy of delight, and he declared that he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her.'

'Ha!' shouted the Colonel, 'the old chap was well come up with. The best joke I have ever heard; but was she really beautiful?'

'The most angelic creature I ever saw,' said Henry, 'but you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at.' Here Henry took it to his uncle, at the same time filling his glass.

Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture.

'Well, now,' said she, 'that is a beauty.'

'You may well say that, sister,' said the Colonel; 'shoot me if I do not wish I had been in Bill's place. Denice take it! why did you not get the girl yourself, Henry? The most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on! I would give a thousand dollars for such a noise.'

'Would you?' inquired Henry, patting the dog.

'Yes, I would,' replied the Colonel, 'and nine thousand more on the top of it, and that makes ten thousand; shoot me if I wouldn't.'

'Then I'll introduce you to her to-morrow.'

As there was a wedding at the house of the Colonel the ensuing week, and as the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful and accomplished bride, it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.

A Parable.

The untoward circumstances of the poor man's life were very wretched. When he rose early from his bed, it was to spend hours of weary, unceasing, ill-requited toil. His meals were unsavory, and barely sufficient to support the exertion he was forced to undergo. He returned at night to a bleak, miserable hut, where a scanty fire rather tantalized him with its glimmering than warmed him with its heat. The wind, with cheerless sound, shook his broken windows. Yet did the poor man not seek the ale-house parlor, with its crackling hearth and its loose companions, but remained in his dreary home, as though it had been a paradise, and the thought of returning to it cheered him through the hours of labor. What was the charm of this lonely—yes it was lonely—and miserably-dwelling?

A friend of the poor man had given a talisman, made by a great magician, and this talisman gives the answer to our question. Truly a wondrous talisman, that could be set in force every evening. By its virtue, the dilapidated room assumed all sorts of beauteous forms. Sometimes would change to a princely hall, and the holes in the walls would enlarge, and arch them selves into Gothic windows, through which the light cast gorgous colors upon the Mosaic floor. Then this would vanish and the poor man would find himself in a fine country, through which streams flowed sparkling in the sun, while his view was bounded by tall hills, verdant with grass, and distinctly marked with wild flowers; or melting away pale with distance, into the clear blue of the sky. Nor was the virtue of the talisman confined to exhibitions that might be found in actual life. Now the owner of it would seem to sink below the surface of the sea, where sea-nymphs would exhibit their wondrous treasures, now he would penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, and perceive the gnomes at their fantastic labors; now the hand of time would for him be turned back; and he would converse with the sages and warriors of antiquity; and a song would swell upon his ears, such as might have been sung in old Helas. What marvel was it that the poor man layed the dwelling in which such wonder and delight were revenged?

Thinkest thou, reader, that what we have written is a phantasy—a short fairy tale? Not at all: we have been narrating a fact, of frequent occurrence. The talisman was a book—what is commonly called a "book of fiction," nothing more; and the imagination of the poor man, when he read it, was so stimulated, that a number of gorgeous creations concealed the miseries of actual life.

Ye who inveigh against "fiction," think ye that the world is so beautiful to all its inhabitants that the imagination must be chained and tied down, lest it adorn and beautify it more? Think you that the thing ye call "fact," is so holy that it ought to encompass all the faculties of man: and that he may not dream of aught beyond? Truly, it is but to a few that the real beauty of the world is revealed; and even they speak of these revelations either in what you call "fiction," or they are philosophers such as you style dreamers.

A large class are those dreamers. To see that one has a power within that can free itself from the power without, to stretch the pinions of the soul, and to shake off the earthly dust that cleaves to them—to assert one's right to be a denizen of a fair country, that the tyrant cannot enclose with walls, nor the bigot suffice with hatred—that it is to be dreamers.

We may mourn, now and then, that some of us are awake.—*Jerrold's Magazine*.

—Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and, in the burden and heat of the day, make music and motion in an airy world, stripped of that foliage, how unightly is human nature.

—What have you done to further human progress? said a sententious philosopher to a 'ay o' Jenkins Jenkins'—replied was clear and decisive: 'I've produced seven boys and two girls sir.' The philosopher departed, and for the first time in his life, thought.

—I have gone into the silk business, said a man to his neighbor. 'So I supposed, as I saw you cooling all day yesterday.'

—Father, have guns got legs? 'No.' How do they kick then? 'With their breeches, my son.'

—You are always making a stir of me,' said a chap in not the soberest mood. 'You are always making one of yourself,' was the reply.

An exchange says that 'change is in itself an evil.' is a little change in one's pocket an evil? Is the occasional change of one's linen an evil? Is change from bad to good an evil?

A Three Minutes Horse.

A certain Dr. Blank had a horse so thoroughly used up as to be worthless—the only good points being where his skin distended the skin. He went into the stable with a lash and gave the animal a regular flogging, thrashing three times a day, until finally, whenever the excited horse heard his step, or saw his face, he would begin to kick and plunge like one possessed. Arrived at this point, the doctor borrowed the decorated blanket of the once well-known nag, called "White Feather," and enveloping the remains of his horse in it, sent him to auction to be sold, with directions to the auctioneer to "bid him slide" if he could get a bid of forty dollars. In the mean time the horse was advertised as "a celebrated horse—kind in harness, had made his mile in side or three minutes—was handy at the plough—and sold only because the owner had no further use for him."

On the day of the sale, a crowd gathered, among which was the Doctor, whom the horse had no sooner seen, than he began to manifest signs of uneasiness, which the auctioneer called life and spirit in it. The first bid was seventy-five dollars, and soon ran up to one hundred—one hundred and twenty-five—one hundred and fifty—at which price the nag was pronounced sold. The buyer (a down-easter) paid the money, and harnessed the spirited animal to his wagon, informing the crowd that he was going to Cape Cod, where he himself belongs.

He had not been absent more than an hour when he was seen wounding his way back, not having got far as far as Cape Cod. He told the auctioneer that he had returned to make some inquiries, which perhaps it would have been as well to have made before he bought the horse.

'You say this animal has made his mile under three minutes?'

'Yes.'

'May I be allowed to inquire how long since?'

'Certainly—within three weeks.'

'One question more—where did he do it?'

'On the Rutland Railroad cars—down-grade!'

The present owner made up his mind, instantaneously, that the term "sold" had a double significance.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courier*.

LOAFERS IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—A printing office is like a school; it can have no intellec-tors, hangers on, or twaddlers, without a serious inconvenience, to say nothing of loss of time, which is just as much gold to the printer as though it metallically glistened in his hand. What would he think of a man who would enter school, and twaddle first with the teacher and then with the scholars—interrupting the studies of one and breaking the discipline of the other? And yet this is the precise effect of the looter in the printing office. He seriously interferes with the course of business, distractes the fixed attention which is necessary to the good printer. No gentleman will ever enter it and presume to act as a looter. He will feel above it; for no real man ever sacrifices the interests or interests with the duties of others. The looter does both. Let him think (if thought he ever has), that the last place he should ever insinuate his worthless and unbecoming presence, is in the printing office.

—Well, Ann, have you consented yet to be the wife of Mr. White?

'No, Sally, I didn't quite consent.'

'Why not? I think he loves you.'

'Yes, but he didn't pile up the agony high enough. When I give my hand to a suitor, I want him to call upon the gods to witness his deep devotion to me. I want him to kneel at my feet, take one of my hands between both his, and with a look that would melt an adamantine rock to pity, to beg me to take pity on his sufferings, and then I want him to end by swearing to blow his brains out on the spot, if I do not compassionate his miseries.'

Pepper.—Pepper is a great condiment. Black pepper irritates and inflames the coatings of the stomach, red pepper does not, it excites, but does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been in use in the East Indies from time immemorial, as it corrects that dulness which attends the large use of vegetable food. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food. But to those of weak languid stomachs, it is manifold more healthful to use cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy, or beer that can be named, because it stimulates without the re-action of sleepiness or debility.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

A CONTRAST.—In 1857, when the business world was convulsed to its centre under the effects of a monetary crisis, this country imported from abroad, during the year over eight million dollars worth of bread-stuffs. In 1857, when we are experiencing symptoms of a similar revulsion, we have a surplus of thirty millions value of bread-stuffs for export. This difference is decidedly encouraging.

A lady who was much afflicted, and who had been attended by several physicians to no purpose, was persuaded by her friends to call in a learned quack; so he came: 'Well doctor, what is it?' 'Why, mem, it is a scrotal case.' 'Scrotal?—' 'It is a dropping of nerves, mem.' 'Dropping of the nerves, doctor? what is that?' 'Why, mem, the nummatics drop down into the pectoral sinew, and the head goes *tizzor-rize, tizzor-rize*.'

A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war some fifteen or twenty feet and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant.

'Wretch!' said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, 'where the devil do you come from?'

'An' sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor.'

A gentleman stopped into a store where none but "morning goods" were sold and inquired for slate-colored gloves. The police clerk informed him that only black goods were sold in that room; for slate-colored gloves he must step into the *slated affection department*.

Prisoners.—The names of fifty thousand and ninety prisoners for revolutionary services have been placed on the rolls since March, 1815, but on the 1st of June last, only three hundred and forty-six of this number were reported living.—*Chicago Press*.

